

Estate of George M. Thomas

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

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In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

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SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al.,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
EVELYN THOMAS**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF NASSAU)

EVELYN THOMAS, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 21 Adam Road West, Massapequa, New York 11758.

2. I am currently 92 years old, having been born on February 24, 1930.

3. I am the wife of George M. Thomas, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of the claim on behalf of my husband's estate.

4. My husband passed away from metastatic cancer of unknown primary origin on October 4, 2016. It was medically determined that this cancer was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.

5. On September 13, 2017, I was issued Letters of Administration on behalf of my husband's estate by the Surrogate's Court of the State of New York, Nassau County.

6. George and I were married for 66 years. We couldn't have had a better life together. I would say we had a very, very happy and good marriage. We had a great social life, and we loved dancing. George boated all his life and introduced me to that. We continued our

active lifestyle with dancing, boating, clamming, and fishing for many years here on Long Island. My husband would do everything around the house, all the repairs. He would drive me places. When you're married for 66 years and then suddenly alone, it's a tough situation. It gives me anxiety, to the point that I have to see a doctor for it. I'm 92 now, so it's harder to do the things my husband used to do for me. I do the best I can, but it's a big change in my life.

7. My husband worked for the NYC Department of Sanitation. When the September 11th attacks on the World Trade Center occurred, my husband helped move debris to the Staten Island Landfill. He drove a boat down by the landfill that would pick up debris which had fallen into the water. All the remains from 9/11 were there and put onto ramps so that recovery workers could search through it for remains and personal affects. He was exposed completely—there were no masks at the time. My husband's whole life was boating, even in his work. Before he worked for the Department of Sanitation, he was a commercial fisherman. George worked at the landfill until the 9/11 clean-up operations ceased in mid-2002. He was exposed all day long. I know many Sanitation workers who became sick or have died from 9/11-related illnesses.

8. George developed many respiratory issues related to his exposure. He developed asthma in 2011, and he always had to carry an emergency inhaler around with him. It was scary not knowing when he was going to have an asthma attack. He suffered from gastro-esophageal reflux disease (GERD), and we had to change his diet in order to help him eat more comfortably. He was also diagnosed with COPD and chronic airway disease, both of which caused him difficulty breathing. We had a dog, and George would always groom him and walk him. As George's breathing started to worsen, the walks became too much effort for him. His respiratory issues got in the way of a lot of things. He couldn't maintain the house the same way that he used to.

9. George also had several 9/11-related cancers. He developed thyroid cancer in 2003 and had to have half his thyroid removed. He had melanoma of the left eye in 2006, for which he received radiation. He nearly lost his eye, which caused him a great deal of pain and anxiety. George had a nasal passage cancer as well. He had to have surgeries to remove these tumors, in his eye, his thyroid, and his nose. He had other surgeries as well, but those were discoveries (endoscopies). The cancers caused George tremendous pain. It was hard for him to walk and to lay down. He had to lay on his side a lot, because the operation on his thyroid made

it uncomfortable for him to lay any other way. As his cancers progressed, he became more anxious. George would flare up and become angry because of his uncertain health situation. He was often frustrated, because he could no longer live his life the way he used to. It was a terrible letdown for him. He had always been a strong person mentally and physically, and he lost that once he began to get cancer. It was a terrible thing to see and to live with.

10. George was diagnosed with spinal cancer in 2016, which is when things started to get a lot worse. He was walking the dog in September 2016 and fell. We took him to the hospital, and it turned out he had blood clots in his leg. This happened because the cancer had spread to his kidney and created the blood clots. When George was admitted to the hospital in September 2016, we thought they would be able to put him on dialysis. His kidneys were failing. They brought him down to the ICU, but he passed out while on the dialysis. He died of hemorrhagic shock.

11. There are so many milestones since George's death that he missed. We have great-grandchildren now that he's never met because of his passing. His death has created a great change in my life and our family's lives. We used to do family outings on our boat, but we had to sell his boat once he died. George loved life; I can tell you that. He loved boating and being with his family. He was a good father and a good husband. All of us have lost that. It's a very hard thing to live with.


EVELYN THOMAS

Sworn to before me this
15 day of July, 2022


Notary Public

APRIL MURILLO
Notary Public, State of New York
Registration No. 01MU6373840
Qualified in Nassau County
Commission Expires on 4/16/2026

Estate of Vikki Allyn Turner-Cox

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X

In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X

SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al.,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
ANDRE COX**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X

STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA)

: SS.:

COUNTY OF WAKE)

ANDRE COX, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 3656 Kapalua Way, Raleigh, North Carolina 27610.

2. I am currently 58 years old, having been born on February 28, 1964.

3. I am the husband of Vikki Allyn Turner-Cox, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of the claim on behalf of my wife's estate.

4. My wife died from breast cancer on March 28, 2014, at the age of 49. It was medically determined that her illness was causally connected to her exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001, terrorist attacks.

5. On October 6, 2014, I was issued Letters of Administration on behalf of my wife's estate by the Bergen County, New Jersey Surrogate's Court.

6. My wife Vikki and I met at college in 1982. We started out as friends during freshman year and were dating by the time we were seniors. We married five years later. She was soft-spoken, but lively. She looked very prim and proper, but she had an adventurous side

and loved driving fast with the windows down and the wind in her hair. We shared laughter. We were like-minded and wanted the same things out of life. We would plan our future together—how many kids we wanted, where we would live and retire, where our kids would live—lots of plans for our lives together. We bought a home in New Jersey and raised our family there. We had plans that unfortunately got cut short.

6. Vikki worked for Verizon on September 11, 2001, as an essential services provider. Her office was on Pearl Street, right by the twin towers. That day, she was running late for work. I was driving upstate and heard the news on the radio. I was able to reach her by phone when she was in the train. I told her the World Trade Center was on fire. When she repeated it, I could hear the other train passengers start to react, before the call dropped. Thankfully, she made it home safely that day. Verizon gave her an authorized letter that deemed her an essential worker and instructed her to return to work the day after the attacks. She was needed to help rebuild Verizon's communications tower. She was continually exposed to the air, which the government was telling everyone was safe. Of course, it wasn't safe. Vikki continued to work downtown for Verizon, until she became ill.

7. In September 2012, my wife noticed a lump on her breast. She immediately went to the doctor, who confirmed she had a tumor in her breast. We got the biopsy results about a month later in October 2012. The biopsy revealed she had Stage-2 breast cancer. At the time, the doctors didn't think she needed surgery to remove the breast. She decided to start on chemotherapy treatments. Initially, the treatments worked and shrank the tumor, but not for long. The tumor started getting larger. It was an aggressive form of cancer. The doctors were concerned by its growth pattern.

8. After weighing her options, Vikki decided to have a double mastectomy in May 2013. She chose to remove both breasts as a prophylactic measure against a reoccurrence in the second breast. She believed this would give her best chance of survival. Once again, we were initially optimistic. The surgery was deemed successful. There was no sign of additional cancer. The plan was that Vikki would continue being monitored by the doctors, but she believed she had beaten the cancer. Vikki planned to have reconstructive breast surgery once she had healed. By the summer, however, a scan revealed that the cancer was everywhere--in her back, her liver. It had spread everywhere. On her doctors' advice, we went to Dana Farber Cancer Institute in

Boston in October 2013. But even the doctors there said it was untreatable. Vikki asked them, kind of jokingly, “so you’re telling me I have six months to live?” The doctors responded, “We don’t like to give anyone a timeline. We prefer to tell people to go ahead and live your life.” We were stunned. The ride back to New Jersey was about four hours. I drove with my left hand the entire time because she was clutching my right hand so tightly. She didn’t speak. I knew she was terrified, but it wasn’t like Vikki not to talk. She didn’t even last six months.

9. Vikki’s greatest fight was not to let the children see her suffer. She wanted them to have as normal a life as possible and fiercely guarded what she was going through from the kids. Our youngest son was a senior in high-school and a talented football player. During his senior year, he was playing in a game at Met-Life Stadium. She was willing to reschedule her chemotherapy appointment, but her blood levels weren’t stable, and she couldn’t go. It broke her heart not to be there. Vikki didn’t talk about what was happening, not even with me. Before she got sick, we used to talk for hours, after the kids went to bed. For her, I think she could somehow keep the cancer at bay if she didn’t acknowledge it.

10. The cancer eventually spread to Vikki’s skin. The skin on her left side was raw, like a burn victim. She was in extreme pain. None of the ointments offered any relief. It was torture for her when I tried to apply it. Our 9-year-old daughter wanted to hold on to Vikki all the time. We called her a Klingon. For her, Vikki would try to hide the pain it caused. Vikki’s body was already butchered with the double mastectomy. She couldn’t get the reconstructive surgery that she wanted. Now the cancer was outside on her skin. And she was in so much pain from that. It’s tragic. My wife was a planner, a doer. Vikki was woman who loved to read, loved vocabulary, learning. She went back to school while working full-time and raising a family. She loved her life. She did everything right, but none of it mattered.

12. The last three months of my wife’s life were terrible. She lost her ability to walk. She couldn’t communicate anymore. She would grab me and start talking to me-- clinging onto my clothes. To her, whatever she was saying was urgent. But she wasn’t making sense. Later, she wouldn’t remember any of it, not the story or her trying to convey it to me. She put up a good front to stay welcoming and joyous for the kids. The last month of her life was a rapid decline. She lost all ability to speak, walk and eat. It broke my heart to see her that way. I was so focused on trying to find a way to cure her, that I never had a chance to just sit with her to say

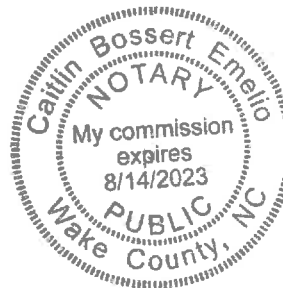
goodbye or tell her how much the kids and I would miss her. I wish I would have had more time.
I felt as though Vikki disappeared even before she passed away.


ANDRE COX

Sworn to before me this
19th day of July, 2022


Notary Public

My commission expires Aug. 14th 2023



Estate of Stephen Vaughan

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X

In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X

SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al.,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
HELEN VAUGHAN**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X

STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF BRONX)

HELEN VAUGHAN, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 689 King Avenue, Bronx, New York 10464.

2. I am currently 63 years old, having been born on October 9, 1958.

3. I am the wife of Stephen Vaughan, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of the claim on behalf of my husband's estate.

4. On February 23, 2016, my husband died from tongue cancer that had metastasized to his lungs, brain and liver. He was only 58 years old at the time of his death. It was determined by the World Trade Center Health Program that this illness was causally connected to his exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.

5. On May 18, 2016, I was issued Letters of Administration on behalf of my husband's estate by the Bronx County, New York Surrogate's Court.

6. Stephen and I knew each other since we were kids. Our parents were friends, and we lived a few blocks from each other. We started dating when I was 17 years old, and we got married when I was 25. Just a few years later, our son Nick was born. Stephen was my soulmate. We loved each other very much and had a great marriage. We did everything together, including building a home. We loved spending time with friends and going out on the Long Island Sound in Stephen's boat. Stephen was so vital to my life. We always made sure we had dinner together every night. Being a carpenter, Stephen could take care of anything that was needed around the house, including essentially rebuilding our home before we moved into it. He took such great care of me and our son, Nick. We were the envy of many of our friends. We truly had the perfect marriage.

7. Stephen worked for the New York City Department of Environmental Protection (DEP) as a carpenter. He witnessed one of the towers go down from his worksite in Queens. After September 11, 2001, he built ramps for the trailers used by the DEP. He also built ramps for the hazmat mobile labs, so that trucks, or quads, could measure the chemicals and the air quality in what they called the frozen zone. The frozen zone was near the pit of Ground Zero. Stephen's working conditions were dirty and dusty. When he would return home from work, his clothes and boots were filthy. His work at Ground Zero started almost immediately after 9/11, and the excruciatingly painful job continued for months and months. Stephen often came home depressed, describing the horrible stench of dead bodies he had encountered.

8. My husband's serious medical condition began as a sore throat and feelings of fatigue. Upon visiting with the medical doctor, Stephen was prescribed antibiotics for 10 days. However, his condition didn't improve. We then went to see an Ear, Nose, and Throat doctor, who ran additional tests, including a nasal endoscopy and an upper endoscopy. They discovered a very large tumor and prescribed an MRI immediately. From there, we went to Memorial Sloan Kettering, where they performed a biopsy. Stephen was diagnosed with Stage IV cancer that started in the base of his tongue. The doctor told us that the opening of his throat was smaller than a dime and that he would have died within two weeks if he hadn't gone to the doctor. Even more shocking was that we were told that Stephen would require a tracheostomy tube to assist him with breathing, and that he probably had less than a year to live if he survived the procedure. We were paralyzed with fear. We couldn't believe this was happening to him. He didn't deserve

this.

9. Stephen battled his cancer for four years. The trach tube was really hard on Stephen. It was physically uncomfortable for him and made the area around his neck smell putrid. It was also difficult to take care of because it had to be suctioned out and cleaned on a regular basis.

10. Stephen was a very humble man and never complained about how much physical pain he was in. I remember when he was diagnosed, he didn't want to tell anybody because he didn't want to upset them. I saw my husband go through terrible suffering. One of the initial visits from the doctor's office aptly summarizes how difficult living with this cancer is for the patient, in this case, my husband. Stephen's doctor said, 'if you have breast cancer, they can take your breast ... they can't take your throat.' After Stephen had the tracheotomy, the trach tube became really difficult to take care of. It had to be cleaned and suctioned and anytime we needed to leave the house, Stephen had to bring a portable machine out with us. I believe on some level Stephen accepted this new reality; however, I remember seeing how frustrated he was to see how much was involved in his care and knowing how he was burdening his wife with so many responsibilities. Before the surgery, it was so easy for us to go out as we pleased. Stephen was somewhat annoyed that I became encumbered with worrying about the trach anytime we wanted to go out. Stephen must have been a little self-conscious about the trach too because, in addition to keeping it clean, Stephen liked to wear a bandana around the trach so that people wouldn't stare at the hole in his neck. With the trach, Stephen had to adapt to a whole new lifestyle and was stressed by how difficult it became to eat solid foods or even speak. He had to go to a speech therapist to learn how to speak again as well as a doctor to teach him how to swallow.

11. In addition to the trach, we had to set up a hospital bed in the living room because he had to sleep elevated to avoid any difficulty breathing. Stephen appreciated receiving care at home rather than in the hospital; however, I know he was distraught over the sudden changes in the sleeping arrangements, as well as the loss of privacy that flows from sleeping in the living room.

12. As if those changes weren't bad enough, Stephen also had months of radiation. I remember at one point he had around 27 days in a row, which was very difficult. I could see that the radiation burnt his skin. Also, Stephen received so many chemotherapy treatments that I lost

track. For sure, after each chemo treatment, I could see Stephen became very tired and weak. With lots of prescriptions as well as the chemo, Stephen had a number of uncomfortable side effects, including constipation.

13. Having been Stephen's primary caregiver for years, I saw that he fought every day to stay alive. As the cancer progressed, it spread throughout his body, going deep into his bones, weakening him to the point where he couldn't even lift up his own fork to eat and could only drink through a straw. When I observed Stephen had sores on his head and face, I took him to see a dermatologist at Sloan Kettering who told me that those spots were cancer. Unfortunately, Stephens's cancer spread to his lungs, brain, lymph nodes around his chest, near his heart and to his liver. Whereas before Stephen was a big and strong man, he was physically transformed after the cancer and ultimately lost over 100 pounds during the four years that he fought to stay alive.

14. I wouldn't wish on anyone what Stephen had to go through; it was horrible. On an emotional level, Stephen was humble and didn't like to talk about the cancer to avoid upsetting others. Despite the pain, Stephen put on a smile and listened to music to bring up his spirits. In particular, Stephen listened to Barry White because he used to sing, *You're My First, My Last, My Everything* to me. Nevertheless, even though he tried to hide the hurting he felt inside, I can see he was in great pain and that every day was a struggle.

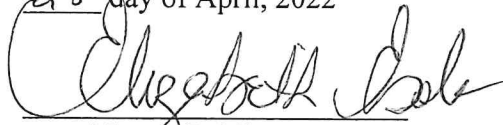
15. As calm as Stephen tried to appear, I can tell that he was always worried. In particular, being on the immunotherapy trials was very stressful for him because they required participants to remain healthy enough in order to continue to receive the clinical trials. After receiving a prognosis that gave him about one year to live, Stephen was scared and became somewhat withdrawn. While Stephen tried to remain as composed as possible, he did confide in me that he was scared too, as if he were given a death sentence. After all, Stephen had Stage IV cancer and there is no Stage V. So...he knew that he was going to die and not knowing when the last day would be was very stressful.

16. Reflecting on my husband's cancer was a very difficult and painful process. I witnessed Stephen suffer both physically and emotionally. Nobody should have to endure what

my husband did, especially if such a tragedy could have been prevented.


HELEN VAUGHAN

Sworn to before me this
28 day of April, 2022


Notary Public

ELIZABETH ESOLA
NOTARY PUBLIC-STATE OF NEW YORK
No. 01ES5049826
Qualified in Bronx County
My Commission Expires 09-25-2025

Estate of Freddie Wallace-Rakis

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al.,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
JOHN RAKIS**

Plaintiffs,

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.

-----X
STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF KINGS)

JOHN RAKIS, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 215 Adams Street, Apt. 5J, Brooklyn, New York 11201.
2. I am currently 69 years old, having been born on August 10, 1952.
3. I am the husband of Freddie Wallace-Rakis, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of the claim on behalf of my wife's estate.
4. On January 3, 2013, my wife, Freddie Wallace-Rakis, died from leukemia at the age of 67. It was medically determined that Freddie's leukemia was causally connected to her exposure to toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.
5. On May 31, 2018, I was issued Letters of Administration on behalf of my wife's estate by the Surrogate's Court of the State of New York, Kings County.
6. Freddie and I met in 1978 and lived together until we were married in 1988. I loved her very much. Together, we did virtually everything and traveled extensively. We vacationed in Europe and visited many national parks, including Yosemite, Bryce National Park, Zion, and the Smoky Mountains. We both enjoyed hiking and the outdoors. One of the most

beautiful things about our relationship is how well we connected with each other's family. Since I had extended family in California, we often took trips out west and would stay with them.

7. I met Freddie when we were both working for the Department of Corrections. Freddie always had my back. I believe that helped us maintain such an enduring relationship. Freddie was an unusual person and my first true love. When Freddie passed away, our friends and colleagues from all over the country flew in for her funeral. Remarkably, a friend of ours from Ireland commented that Freddie had a "1000-watt smile that would light up the room every time she walked in."

8. Freddie was the Director of Volunteerism for the New York City Department of Corrections. On 9/11, she worked on Hudson Street, immediately north of the World Trade Center. I thanked God that she was able to get home safely. Like so many people, Freddie was told it was safe to return to work down there. She never questioned it, she just returned to work. I am certain my wife's leukemia was caused by her continued exposure to the toxic air she took in each day.

9. Freddie loved Christmas. Just before Christmas 2012, she hadn't been feeling well and said she wasn't up to having Christmas at our apartment. On December 27, Freddie had a fever, and I took her to the emergency room at Long Island College Hospital. A blood test revealed an extremely high white blood cell count. After more testing to confirm the results, the doctor told me something was very wrong and that she might have a bad infection. A few days later, he confirmed my worst nightmare—Freddie had leukemia. Within one week, on January 3, 2013, Freddie passed away. I was numb. It happened so fast. I didn't know how I was going to go on without her.

10. After Freddie's diagnosis, I wanted to have her moved to Memorial Sloan Kettering. Despite my pleas to the doctor, he told me that her condition made it impossible to move her there in the time needed. The doctor proposed a treatment to wash out her blood, but Freddie's blood pressure dropped dramatically and that was no longer an option. On New Year's Day, Freddie managed to call me from the hospital, and I coordinated a conference call with her mother. She seemed happy to speak with her mother, but only had enough strength to talk for five minutes. The evening of January 2, 2013, I received a call from the hospital telling me that I should come. When I arrived at the hospital, I was informed that Freddie was having trouble

breathing and that her blood pressure continued to drop. They told me she was unconscious and that there was nothing more they could do for her. As I got to her room, the situation became dire, and I was chased out of her room. At that point, they had to place her on life support. Since she died the next day, I felt robbed of the chance to say goodbye.

11. Before Christmas, Freddie was very weak, running a fever, and didn't want to do anything, which was not her usual self. While she was in the hospital, she had tremendous difficulty. For example, one time when Freddie needed to go to the bathroom, even though the restroom was only a few feet away, she lost control of her bowels and was unable to make it to the bathroom in time due to digestive issues related to the leukemia. I could see my wife was suffering so badly because she had trouble breathing, making regular communication nearly impossible. Quite frankly, it was a miracle that she was able to spend five minutes on the phone at New Years talking with her mother and me.

12. I saw Freddie was weak and had breathing difficulties. While Freddie put up a brave front, she was actually quite worried about her mother, who was feisty, but also housebound and didn't have a lot of friends to support her. While Freddie was staying in the hospital, she was mostly worried about who would now be able to take care of her mom, even for basic necessities such as buying groceries.

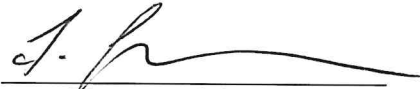
13. I know Freddie was in great pain emotionally, although she was such a trooper who wasn't one to complain or show her pain much at all. Rather, my wife's primary focus was on her mother and who would be responsible for her care because she knew that her mother was dependent on her for so many things. From all of Freddie's frailties as well as the breathing problems and loss of control of her bodily functions, I'm sure that she was self-conscious; however, I think she was primarily concerned with how her mother would be taken care of after Freddie passed away. Had we been able to communicate even further, I would be able to know even more about Freddie's emotional state; however, towards the end of her life, the hospital placed her on a respirator, and she wasn't conscious. While I tried to speak with her, I'm not sure whether she heard me or not because her eyes didn't open at the time. The hospital had sedated her on some level so that she wouldn't pull the respirator out of her throat.

14. I promised Freddie that I would take care of her mother to help alleviate any anxiety about her own treatment. She was more concerned with her mother than her own

personal health. Ultimately, I fulfilled my promise to Freddie and remained extremely involved in her mother's care until she passed away. Freddie and I should have had years more time to enjoy being together. Although she was taken from me too soon, I did my best to honor her wishes and take care of her mother the best that I could.


JOHN RAKIS

Sworn to before me this
27th day of April, 2022


Notary Public

Tanesia Franklin
Notary Public, State of New York
Reg. No. 01FR6427874
Qualified in Kings County
Commission Expires 1/03/2026

Estate of Elizabeth Ann Walsh

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT
SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK

-----X
In Re:

TERRORIST ATTACKS ON
SEPTEMBER 11, 2001

03-MDL-1570 (GBD)(SN)

-----X
SUZZANNE ANDERSON, et al,

Plaintiffs,

**AFFIDAVIT OF
RICHARD WALSH**

20-CV-00354 (GBD)(SN)

v.

ISLAMIC REPUBLIC OF IRAN,

Defendant.
-----X

STATE OF NEW YORK)
 : SS.:
COUNTY OF RICHMOND)

RICHARD WALSH, being duly sworn, deposes and says:

1. I am a plaintiff in the within action, am over 18 years of age, and reside at 53 Bertha Place, Staten Island, New York 10301.
2. I am currently 69 years old, having been born on April 2, 1953.
3. I am the husband of Elizabeth Ann Walsh, upon whose death my claim is based, and submit this Affidavit in connection with the pending motion for a default judgment and in support of the claim on behalf of my wife's estate.
4. Elizabeth passed away from breast cancer on May 4, 2015, at the age of 57. It has been medically determined that this illness was causally connected to her exposure to the toxins resulting from the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks.
5. On October 19, 2015, I was issued Letters Testamentary on behalf of my wife's estate from the Richmond County, New York Surrogate's Court.

6. My wife and I were best friends. We met in college when we were both working at a store together. We went out on our first date at the Jersey Shore. Elizabeth and I were inseparable. We had five kids together and always had fun. She and I loved taking vacations to Florida and North Carolina, and enjoyed going to concerts and plays, and just spending time with our friends. But mostly, we loved spending quality family time together. We were truly a loving family.

7. On 9/11, my wife was working as a nurse at Gardens Nursing Home in Brooklyn. She heard on the radio about a call for volunteers to help first responders. She drove back to Staten Island, met up with some nursing friends, and took a ferry to the World Trade Center site to help. She joined with other medical providers at the high school across from Ground Zero. She was there when the last building fell. She told me that what she saw was devastating – injured firemen, a fire engine that was crushed by building debris, baby strollers covered in dust. She stayed for a few hours because they told her there were no survivors and there was nothing she could do. I remember that when I picked her up from the ferry, she was covered in dust and had white soot all over her body. I told her to throw away her clothes. I remember that she had a terrible cough for weeks after that, which eventually subsided.

8. In 2008, Elizabeth found a lump in her breast. She went to the doctor and was diagnosed with breast cancer. She learned the cancer had spread to about 40 lymph nodes in her arm and chest. She underwent a double mastectomy. She had years of chemotherapy treatments which took its toll on her body. She went into remission for a few years, but the cancer came back with a vengeance and had spread to her bones. She eventually found out the cancer had spread to her liver and became jaundice. She was in a lot of pain, but sometimes refused to take her pain medications because she would be so disoriented and out of it. She felt terrible and tried to power


through, but every day was exhausting.

9. Before 9/11, my wife was incredibly active. She worked full time as a nurse and took care of our five children. She loved to travel. After her cancer diagnosis (and later the recurrence of metastatic cancer), she became so sick. She had intense bone pain and was prescribed heavy pain medications. She was hospitalized several times and underwent several surgeries. Her pain became so intense that she needed morphine when the cancer spread to her liver. Eventually, she had to go into hospice and died very quickly after.

10. Elizabeth was devastated at the thought of leaving me and the children. She struggled knowing that she wouldn't be there for her family's big life milestones. She didn't want to miss our children's weddings. She was sad that she would never meet her grandchildren. She was heartbroken to lose this time with them. She was worried because she didn't know if we would be okay without her, especially our disabled adult son, Christopher. She knew she was dying, and in her last few months we did everything we could to try to keep her spirits up. We renewed our vows a few months before she died and were even to get married again by the same priest who married us decades earlier. We did a blessing for our daughter Mary and our son Richie who were getting married only weeks and months after her death.

11. My wife was a fighter. She was the strongest and most determined person that I ever knew. She continued working as a nurse while she was ill and receiving treatments. She studied to earn a Master's Degree online until the final months of her life. She tried really hard to stay busy because she didn't want to think about her condition or the fact that her body was failing her. She turned to religion and her faith to get her through the hard times. She prayed so much that we started calling her Saint Elizabeth. Sadly, prayer couldn't save her from a terrible fate.

She didn't deserve to die and be taken from our family. She was still so young and had so much left to do.


RICHARD WALSH

Sworn to before me this
25 day of May, 2022


Notary Public

